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bred literary accomplishment — namely, a great theme. If the anonymous author had really had — beyond the first act — a dramatically worthy tale to tell, worthy of her theme, her earnestness (are we right in the pronoun?) would have wrought a greater thing, as is testified by the immeasurably higher level of Act I above Acts II and III. But it is worth our while to remind our anonymous author, that a dramatic poem is constructed rather than written. That the action is the theatric Pegasus, and not a loyal hero worship — of never so worthy a historic personage! Alfred is very well, but his jewel will not serve to exhibit him on the boards although the jewel is so great a temptation — and might do excellently well as an “Ibsen Symbol,” and prove wholly innocuous, provided it were not exploited as a *Deus ex machina* for the minor plot, or worse yet, made to do duty for the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in Alfred’s marital Eden with the operatic Numanera as serpent.

THE DAYS THAT PASS. By Helen Huntington. New York: John Lane Company.

Birth, on a blazing noon,
 Childhood among the flowers,
 Youth 'neath a changing moon,
 Love with its silver hours,
 Pain in a silence born,
 Knowledge with fitful gleam,
 Death, and a life outworn;—
 Lo! It was all a dream!

Would the eighty-five pages of the little book perused were no more! We have had “Christ in Chicago,” and sundry other paradoxes in our day, but “the Lord came into the opera house” involves taking certain dress parades of society in far too serious a fashion:

He saw the debauch of colors and jewels and flowers,
 The pageant of play and the group of the world in its power,
 And the eyes of the Lord, yes, the eyes of the holy Lord,
 Look deep in the souls and discovered the secret shame,
 The pride and the lust and the treachery furtive and sure,
 The disease and desire and iniquity, covered and hid.

The verses are full of ineffective tautology, and yet they are among the stronger in the book. At best it is creditable prentice work, else we can see small justification for the appearance of the little book, in which we discern no great power.

Never a woman you say,
 Never a wife,
 Only the rose of a day,
 A dream in a life.

 Glory the star of my sky,
 Beauty my own,
 Touched by all joys, as they fly,
 Still I'm alone.
 Render your loss as it seems,
 Where to fate it belongs,—
 I am a daughter of dreams,
 A mother of songs.

Alas, if such she be—the pity 'tis—'tis true; for the songs are not yet such as sing themselves above the tone of newspaper and respectable magazine verse.

THE PEACOCK'S PLEASAUNCE. By "E. V. B." New York: The John Lane Company.

A book of charming talk with the reader of this and of that, taking for granted chiefly a devout love of nature in her lovelier forms, and of such myths as take their rise out of man's intimate commerce with her. The plea for the birds is singularly poignant. The title of the book is derived from the illustrations rather than the text, and from the strange little prologue that opens the book of which we quote, the last paragraph:

"Once, when I was a child, I dreamed that one morning very early, before the sun rose, I went out into the garden and wandered along the green terrace by the river. And there stood a peacock in the dewy grass. And the peacock was so beautiful, so full of grace and colour, that I held up my gown in my hand and danced. And the peacock spread up his feathers of green and gold, all eyed with purple, and he too, danced a minuet amidst the sparkling dew drops."